An Innocent Seduction

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by orphan_account

Summary

“William, what I am about to ask is very unorthodox. If you tell anybody, I could have my license revoked. I could be arrested. However, I am going to ask you and I will have faith that you will not say anything to anybody. You are a smart young man, and I trust that you will not speak a word of this. Do you understand?” Hannibal whispered, deciding to no longer deny himself the most devious, most primal urges. He would no longer deny himself these pleasures.

"Okay. I can keep a secret.” Will answered with a devilish glint in his eyes.

Notes

I am so sorry for this sin.

Will Graham had grown up since the doctor last saw him.

It had been nearly seven years. Bedelia had called him in for the boy when he was only six years old. They had found him, abandoned in a Walmart parking lot with a note clipped to his shirt, stating that his father could no longer care for the little boy and he wanted him to go somewhere safe. That was how he had ended up in Bedelia du Maurier's care. She wasn't his mother, didn't even try to be. She ran a boy's home - she had the money, and a large home, big enough for the six boys that ran around at all times.

And as the twelve year old sat in front of him now, he could remember the first time he met him. Just a little boy, with a head full of messy brown curls, with warm eyes that never really made eye-contact, with a small smile gracing his lips. He looked much bigger now. Not quite an adult, not quite even close, but somewhere in the middle. Porcelain skin with freckles like constellations, tired eyes that looked too old for someone of his age, that same head of messy curls… Will Graham almost looked grown up, despite his tender age.

"I can't get him to stop. I tried everything, but he just… He won't stop it." Bedelia explained, sounding exasperated. How could she not be? She had a house full of rambunctious boys.

Hannibal curled his fingers around her shoulders, trying to provide some comfort to her. It wasn't the most intimate of gestures, but it was enough to show her that she wasn't alone, and that he would help her. The doctor was always eager to help her with these problems. He had developed something resembling a crush on Bedelia, had liked her since they were both in college, and he would take any chance he had to help her.

"Let me have some time with him." Hannibal assured, and Bedelia nodded before turning away.

The doctor turned to the little boy sitting in the chair. His head of dark curls was thrown back in pleasure as he rubbed himself. Bedelia had informed the doctor that he did this a lot, at least a couple of times a day, shamelessly shoving a hand down his pants and touching himself. It wasn't uncommon, and typically didn't take much to get them to stop. It was just a matter of teaching them when and where it was okay to do so. Will might've been a bit troubled from years of unspoken trouble, problems that no one knew. He might've been a bit harder to teach. But Hannibal had no doubt that he could teach him.

He stepped closer as a small sound escaped the boy's throat. So young and delicate, yet almost… Devilish in the most enticing of ways. An almost innocent seduction.

Hannibal shook it off. He was never one to deny himself pleasure of any sort, but this was wrong. This was too much. This was crossing the line.

Though he couldn't quite ignore the small twitching between his legs.

Swallowing these sick desires, he knelt down in front of the child in front of him. Will didn't stop touching himself, though he slowed enough to look up at the doctor, blue eyes darting over his face. He had pale skin and big blue eyes - the biggest, bluest eyes that Hannibal

Lecter had ever seen in his life. One day, this little boy would grow up, and he would undoubtedly be beautiful. Truly beautiful.

He was beautiful now, but Hannibal couldn't let himself think that way.

He had never felt anything like that before. But Will, little Will, with those big blue eyes full of curiosity, ruddy cheeks and lips bitten red, Will with his small noises that went straight to the doctor's cock, Will… Will was different, and it was horribly sinful. Something that Hannibal could not let himself bring to light. Something that Hannibal could never admit.

It was wrong. Disgusting. His own thoughts disgusted him. So he forced them down, pushing them away, not letting himself think like that. He had a job to do, and that was all.

Slowly, Hannibal wrapped his hand around Will's wrist, gently as he could. He slowly pulled his hand out of his pants, the older man curling his fingers around the small hand that rested in his. His tiny hand was warm and delicate in the doctor's palm. He looked into the boy's eyes, though the eye-contact wasn't returned, which could've suggested Asperger's, though that wasn't why the doctor was here.

"Hello, Will." Hannibal greeted the little boy.

"Hi." Will replied shortly.

"I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Miss Bedelia called me to talk to you. How are you today?" Hannibal inquired, making small talk in attempt to calm the boy in front of him.

"Good. I went outside and Winston came back again today this morning."

"Who's Winston?"

"He's a dog. He likes to come in the backyard whenever I bring him some of my macaroni and cheese."

Hannibal smiled, something so innocent about the boy in front of him. He hadn't been corrupted by the world around him, despite what he had lived through. He had been abandoned by his father, and lord only knew what had happened to his mother… And yet, there he was, an innocent child who liked to feed macaroni and cheese to some stray dog, eyes full of wonder, like he was unaware of the horrors that this world would throw at him someday. For now, he was just an innocent.

"What were you just doing there?"

Will just shrugged, looking down, like he was ashamed. He hadn't been ashamed when he had been doing it, that was quite obvious, but now he looked embarrassed.

"Why were you doing it?"

"Feels good." He muttered, not looking at the doctor, like he was suddenly ashamed, most likely due to Bedelia's scolding.

He had nothing to be ashamed of. It was natural, and everyone did it. It didn't need to be so taboo, really. Society had taught generations that sex was a taboo subject, that people needed to be ashamed of their bodies, but honestly, it was only natural. Sex was a natural thing. Masturbation was natural, and everyone did it. No need to sugarcoat or hide it from the children, no need to scold and tell them that what they were doing was wrong, or evil, or sinful.

"William, pleasuring yourself is a normal thing for you to do. Never let anyone tell you that you are dirty or wrong for doing so. However, you need to make sure that you only do it when you are alone. Alone in your bedroom, or in the bathroom, but not when other people are with you. Okay? Do you understand?" Hannibal explained gently.

Will just nodded, curls bouncing on his head.

"Good boy. Now when I check in with Miss Bedelia, I expect to hear a good report. That you don't do this outside of your room, okay?"

"Okay."

"I will tell her to knock whenever your door is closed, so that she won't walk in on you. And only use your hands - don't put anything inside of yourself. And always wash your hands afterward. Okay?"

Will nodded.

"Alright. Good boy. You may go."

And with that, the little boy hopped down, darting past the doctor as if he didn't even exist. Simple as that. He wasn't quite sure if it had all sunk in with the six year old, and maybe part of him hoped that it hadn't. Maybe part of him hoped that he would be called in for a second session. But in that moment, the doctor was content with watching the boy trot off.

"Hello, Will." Hannibal greeted for the first time in six years.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter." He replied.

Will was only 12, but he sounded mature, and by the way that he sat up straight, hands folded over neatly crossed legs, he looked that way too. Hannibal had known that the boy was special since he was a kid. Maybe it was growing up without a mother or father, maybe it was the knowledge of his abandonment, maybe it was the mild autism that he had suspected all of those years ago. Or maybe he just had to grow up too fast. Either way...

"Do you remember the last time we met?" Hannibal inquired, curious.

"Yes. You taught me where it was and wasn't okay to masturbate." Will stated plainly, perhaps just a hint of mischief glinting in his blue eyes.

Hannibal nodded slowly, a small smile over his lips. He knew that he really shouldn't let himself entertain the thoughts that were beginning to creep in at the edges of his mind, but he

couldn't entirely help himself. He was so young, too young, but the look in his eyes was mischievous and oh so seductive…

Crossing his legs and leaning back in his seat, Hannibal studied over the boy. Mischievous and young and teasing. He was about the age that he should start having sexual thoughts towards other people. Soon, he would be wishing for sex with other people, and perhaps he would lose his virginity to another young woman in a couple of years. It'd be messy and maybe not so fun, and Will, young Will with hardly any control over his own body, would probably come far too quickly, but gradually learn to control himself until he could make love to another person until they were both satisfied…

The thoughts was making Hannibal's cock twitch, making him half hard with little more than a thought.

He was still too young to think of in this way, but the thoughts were too enticing to just swallow and shove away. Will Graham was like some sort of innocent seductor, leaving Hannibal Lecter wanting something so filthy and horrendous that he could hardly contain himself. Will Graham, innocent, untouched by anyone but himself… Hannibal would've killed for him.

"Would you like to explain to me why Bedelia called me here today?" Hannibal inquired.

"I've been waking up the other boys at night. Nightmares. I wake up screaming. And… I have panic attacks sometimes." He explained.

"Would you like to tell me what these dreams are about?"

"No." Will said flatly.

Hannibal nodded slowly. He wouldn't force him to talk about things that he didn't really want to talk about. This would take more than one session, but perhaps Bedelia would call him back, and he would get to see the source of his sin and lust and wickedness again. He would get to lock eyes with the boy that had would occasionally creep up on him from out of nowhere, these horrible thoughts that were *oh so wonderful.*

"Tell me something, dear boy. These nightmares come to you about every night, yes? And I assume you have panic attacks during the day?" Hannibal confirmed.

"Yes." Will answered.

"This can be due to a buildup of stress. Has there been anything in your life adding to your stress lately?"

Will nodded slowly.

"Would you tell me?"

Will looked down at his hands in the same way that he had when he was a child, when Hannibal had talked to him about masturbation. Shame in his eyes, like he had just been caught doing something wrong. Though Hannibal wasn't quite sure that there was anything

that this angel in front of him could do quite so wrong, nothing to warrant his embarrassment and shame like this. A mischievous glint and a wry smile, maybe, but not true shame. Not this.

“William?”

“I think I’m… I’m… I don’t want to talk about it.” Will quickly said, avoiding eye contact.

“Okay. We don’t have to talk about it. But we need to find a way for you to get rid of the stress that has built up. Okay?” Hannibal replied.

Will nodded.

“You’re young, but you have some obligations that you cannot neglect. Your schoolwork, your jobs that you have around the house… However, when you’ve finished your obligations, I would recommend settling down, doing something that you enjoy. Any hobbies… I… I would also recommend masturbating at night, whenever you get the chance. When the body experiences orgasm, endorphins and hormones are released that can help you relax. It may help you unwind a bit.”

Will was still wringing his hands as he looked up, an embarrassed look still on his face. This look, however, wasn’t a look of shame as much as it was just embarrassment. He didn’t look ashamed or guilty this time - instead, his big blue eyes looked a bit more anxious, and his pale skin had started to turn red… But this wasn’t a look of shame.

“Or-orgasm?” Will sputtered out.

“Yes. Orgasm.” Hannibal replied simply, without emotion in his voice, though seeing the innocent little thing made his cock jerk in interest.

“I’ve never… I can’t… I’ve tried, I just… I can’t.” Will stuttered.

Dr. Lecter nodded slowly, no hint of judgement in his face. Will wasn’t so great at reading people, but Dr. Lecter seemed like a pretty open book. He was understanding, never seeming like he was judging the younger man. It made it easier to talk to him, Will supposed. And it was pretty easy to talk to the doctor. Will rarely spoke much at all, had always been pretty quiet, but Dr. Lecter… He didn’t want to tell him everything yet, but he knew that if anyone would ever hear the secrets he kept buried inside of him, it was the doctor.

And, well… He wasn’t ugly.

Will Graham was 12 years old. Will Graham was abandoned. Will Graham had no family. Will Graham had grown up with six other boys.

And Will Graham was gay.

He’d figured it out after his first girlfriend had started asking him to do stuff to her. She was older. Fourteen. Her name had been Alana, and she had asked him to do stuff to her, and Will… Will had hated it. Hated touching her there, hadn’t been exactly attracted to her. He knew in a logical way that she was pretty, but he felt nothing for her.

It wasn't until a boy named Nigel had gotten undressed after gym class that Will knew that he was gay. He was… Gorgeous, really. He was older - sixteen. He'd been in the locker room, and Will peeked inside, and…

Well, Will had an erection the whole way home after school.

Of course, the prospect of being different in yet another way, being *gay*... It was terrifying. Will wasn't stupid. He knew that the fact that he was gay was the source of his stress. But there was nothing that Dr. Lecter could do to help him with that. Nothing that anyone could do to take that away. He was a freak in yet another way, and there was nothing that anybody could do about it to stop it.

"You've never had an orgasm?" Hannibal inquired.

Will shook his head hard.

It wasn't exactly a surprise. He was at the age where boys started having orgasms, when they began ejaculating, but it wasn't a surprise that he hadn't quite gotten there. Especially if this source of stress, whatever it was, was bombarding him at all hours of the day. If he was too stressed, orgasms would be hard to come by, especially if he'd never had one before…

"William, what I am about to ask is very unorthodox. If you tell anybody, I could have my license revoked. I could be arrested. However, I am going to ask you and I will have faith that you will not say anything to anybody. You are a smart young man, and I trust that you will not speak a word of this. Do you understand?" Hannibal whispered, deciding to no longer deny himself the most devious, most primal urges. He would no longer deny himself these pleasures.

"Okay. I can keep a secret." Will answered with a devilish glint in his eyes.

"I'm going to teach you how to touch yourself. I'm going to show you how to have an orgasm. Okay? Think of it as part of your therapy. Do you trust me?"

An unfamiliar stab of arousal struck in Will's belly. He'd felt things before, had sexual feelings, though they tended to be fairly rare and far between. But nothing like this. He could feel his cock harden between his legs, and it sent trembles through his slight body. He wasn't stupid or naive. He knew that this was wrong. Wrong, sinful, wicked, devious, deviant…

And yet, he found himself wanting it. Wanting the older man. *God,* he wanted him. It was unlike anything that he'd felt before. It was wrong and it was devious and it was wonderful.

"Yes." Will nodded.

"Good boy. Go up to your room. I will be up in a few moments. When I come in, I expect to find you in your bed, and I do not want a shred of clothing on you."

Will nodded, and there was a small smile on his face. He was nervous, and he knew what he was doing was wrong. So very wrong. But he didn't care. He bolted up the stairs, running without a shred of dignity or poise about him.

He had heard the other boys in his home talk about losing their virginities, about being with girls… Most of the boys were older than him, but this felt like a turning point, perhaps, just perhaps. It was wrong and it was dirty and it was filthy and Will knew it, but he could finally know what they were talking about… And…

Hannibal waited for a moment, giving the boy time to get to his room and follow his instruction. It was devious and it was wrong and it could cost him his job, but neither of them seemed to care. Will was just starting to explore his attraction to others sexually. He was young, but he was mature, and judging by the fact that he hadn't hesitated once, and even more so by the blatant erection that had formed in his jeans…

Hannibal's cock twitched as his eyes darted around, searching for Bedelia. Finding no sign of her, he hurried up the stairs, following the boy into his bedroom.

It was a simple room with white walls and a small bed in the center of the room. No posters, nothing really special about the room. He supposed that living in a home where he didn't exactly get much attention from anyone had smothered his individuality. Seeing it sent a dull pain through his chest, though it quickly dissolved when his eyes found the boy in the bed.

He was entirely bare, not an ounce of clothing on him, every inch of him stripped. His hands covered the place between his legs in attempt to preserve his modesty, which only made Hannibal harder. His big, blue eyes were looking up at the doctor, his expression unreadable. All that Hannibal could really place was the fact that he looked completely innocent, that innocence ready to be taken by the doctor. *Gorgeous.*

Hannibal slowly closed the door, locking it behind them. The other boys were all out in the backyard, and Bedelia seemed to be outside with them, allowing them some privacy, but Hannibal couldn't risk getting caught. He took a step toward the window and quickly drew the curtains, making sure that no one could ever know what they were doing.

Finally, the doctor turned toward the boy in front of him, whose big eyes remained trained on him.

"I'm going to undress now. Alright, William?" Hannibal warned.

"M'kay." Will replied, voice remaining casual despite what they were doing.

Hannibal quickly unbuttoned his shirt and jacket, sitting them on the desk in the corner before moving to his trousers, which were straining with his erection. He undid the button, slowly removing his khakis, making sure not to overwhelm the young boy in the bed in front of him. He stopped at his briefs, deciding that he wouldn't quite take them off yet, keeping some small ounce of modesty, though his underwear wasn't really hiding much of anything at all.

"Will you remove your hands for me?" Hannibal inquired, grabbing the chair from the desk and bringing it closer to the bed.

Will's eyes glanced over Hannibal's bare body. He looked strong, especially in his arms and hands. And Will could see his erection well enough to know that it was big - *god, he was*

really big. A small feeling of humiliation bloomed in his chest at the size difference; Hannibal was older, and Will knew that he shouldn't feel embarrassed, but…

"It's not very big." Will confessed, not looking up at the doctor.

"That's okay, my boy. Do not be ashamed of yourself. Of your cock. It can bring you a lot of pleasure, and you are still young. It will grow." Hannibal assured.

Will looked down at his hands and nodded before pulling them away, exposing himself to the doctor. He was hard to a point where his cock almost ached for friction, and he would've done anything for the older man to touch him there. To relieve the need for friction, for touch…

Hannibal felt the fire burning in his belly grow hotter, leaving him wanting to touch, to feel those small hands around his length, to touch the younger boy's cock, to ravage him in every way, to take that innocent mind and teach him filthy things…

"Beautiful." Hannibal murmured.

Will's face turned red.

"Okay… Show me how you typically touch yourself, okay? I will show you how to pleasure yourself, but I need to see how you typically masturbate." Hannibal instructed, entirely too clinical, though by the way that Will's cock twitched, he assumed that the boy quite liked it.

Taking the small cock in his hand, Hannibal watched as he slowly stroked himself. His technique wasn't horrible, but he was neglecting the head, mainly stroking up and down the shaft without touching the head all that much. There was his problem.

"William, I'm going to show you a better technique to use. I will not touch you, but you need to watch me, okay?"

Will nodded as he continued to touch himself, stroking his cock the only way he really knew how. It felt good, appeased the need for friction, but he needed more. He watched as the doctor pulled down his briefs, his cock springing free. It was bigger than what Will had expected, longer and thicker. Will felt shame rising in his chest again at the size difference. He didn't know a lot about sex, but he knew that big dicks were more desirable than small ones like his… But the feeling of shame wasn't exactly… Bad.

"Watch me." Hannibal instructed as he wrapped his hand around his own cock, stroking himself slowly, thumbing at the head and smearing the pre-cum down the shaft, slicking himself. He'd done this thousands of times, sex, masturbation, orgasm, none of these things were new sensations. But staring at the innocent boy in front of him… He'd never quite felt anything like it. It was stronger, and all the more wonderful.

Will watched with furrowed brows, noticing something different about his. Skin of some sort moved with his hand, covering the ruddy head of his cock with each movement. Will looked down at his own cock, wrapping his hand tighter around his own and moving it, wondering if his worked like that too, if he'd been doing it wrong, but nothing.

“What’s wrong with it?” Will asked, scooting forward and looking closer at it.

Hannibal chuckled at the sweet boy and wrapped his free hand around the side of his neck, continuing to stroke himself with the other. He ran his thumb over his ear, over his soft curls before pulling away, shifting so that Will could have a better view of his cock.

“This is called a foreskin. All boys are born with them, but sometimes their parents have them removed.” Hannibal explained.

Will nodded slowly and watched as the doctor continued to stroke himself, eyes wide with curiosity and lust.

“To reach orgasm, you need to pay more attention to the head of your cock. That’s the most sensitive part.” Hannibal explained before letting out a small moan, thumb swiping over the head of his cock.

Will nodded and slowly mirrored his movements, touching the slick head, smearing the bead of pre-cum that had formed there down his shaft. As he touched himself there, he felt the air leave his lungs. It felt unlike anything that Will had ever experienced. Strong, pulling a whine from his throat as his limbs began to tremble. It was *so good.*

Hannibal watched the boy slowly lose himself in the throes of pleasure, moaning in pleasure as he rubbed himself. The doctor began working faster, unable to help himself. His sweet boy was absolutely perfect, an angel that had come to the earth for Hannibal Lecter and no one else. Will Graham was his. He wanted nothing more than to take him and to never let him go, never let another soul touch him. Will Graham belonged to him and no one else.

“F-feels good.” Will stuttered as he stroked, fingers playing more at the head as he slowly leaned back, lying flat on the bed instead of sitting up. Hannibal could’ve come right then, watching his boy stroking himself, his hips instinctively learning to thrust into his hand…

Hannibal opted to neglect himself for the time being, deciding that he wanted to be the one to give Will his first orgasm, a way of marking him in a way that no one else knew. He climbed over the boy, straddling his legs before taking Will’s hand and moving it away. He wrapped his own hand around the boy’s small cock, being a perfect handful, just enough so that his hand never fully left the head of his cock.

Will grasped at the sheets as his back arched and his hips began to roughly thrust into the doctor’s hand, unable to control himself. It was instinct, raw and needy and absolutely uncontrollable. He felt his body flush hot as his cock twitched in the older man’s hand, balls drawing up tight to his body. He could faintly feel Dr. Lecter’s other hand cup around them, massaging them lightly, like he was trying to milk his orgasm from him…

And suddenly, everything started to go numb except for this tight, tingling sensation in his belly, a warm, throbbing, heady feeling that started in the pit of his belly and expanded to his cock. He could vaguely feel something hot and thick splatter against his stomach, up to his chest, drenching him, but it didn’t entirely register. All he could feel was that pleasure, intense and entirely too much. Entirely too wonderful.

Hannibal watched as the boy fell limp beneath him, giving his cock a final tug, drawing the last of his orgasm from him, the watery semen squirting out from the small slit and splattering over him. The boy fell limp on the white sheets, a small smile on his face, looking entirely blissful, all of that worry and stress that had been in his eyes now gone, evaporated.

He wrapped his hand around his own cock and stroked himself, rough and fast and hard. His eyes, hungry and predatory, kept trained on Will, who barely seemed to even acknowledge his existence anymore. His angel lay beneath him, dirty, filthy, and absolutely beautiful.

His orgasm overcame him suddenly, and he came over his boy, his thick, white cum joining Will's own translucent, watery semen, leaving him dirty and marked and *his*.

He would've liked to cradle the boy in his arms, hold him tightly until they both drifted off to sleep, but he couldn't be here too long. He had to leave before suspicion arose. Quickly, Hannibal grabbed his clothes, slipping back into them as Will remained sprawled out in his bed, the dying rays of sunlight leaving him glowing, looking even more like the angel that he was. Sweaty, covered in cum, and completely consumed by pure, unadulterated bliss.

He grabbed a dirty shirt from Will's hamper, wiping him down as best as he could. The boy would need a shower as soon as he regained himself, but until then, just drying off would suffice. The doctor covered him back up with a blanket, deciding that no one but him would ever see that body again, not bare and exposed like that. Will Graham was his and only his.

Will hardly stirred, eyes closed and mouth upturned in a small smile. Hannibal assumed that he had fallen asleep - he'd had a powerful orgasm, and it was his first time… He was tired, undoubtedly. Hannibal opted to let him rest, instead just planting a small kiss against his temple.

"Sleep well, my sweet boy."

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